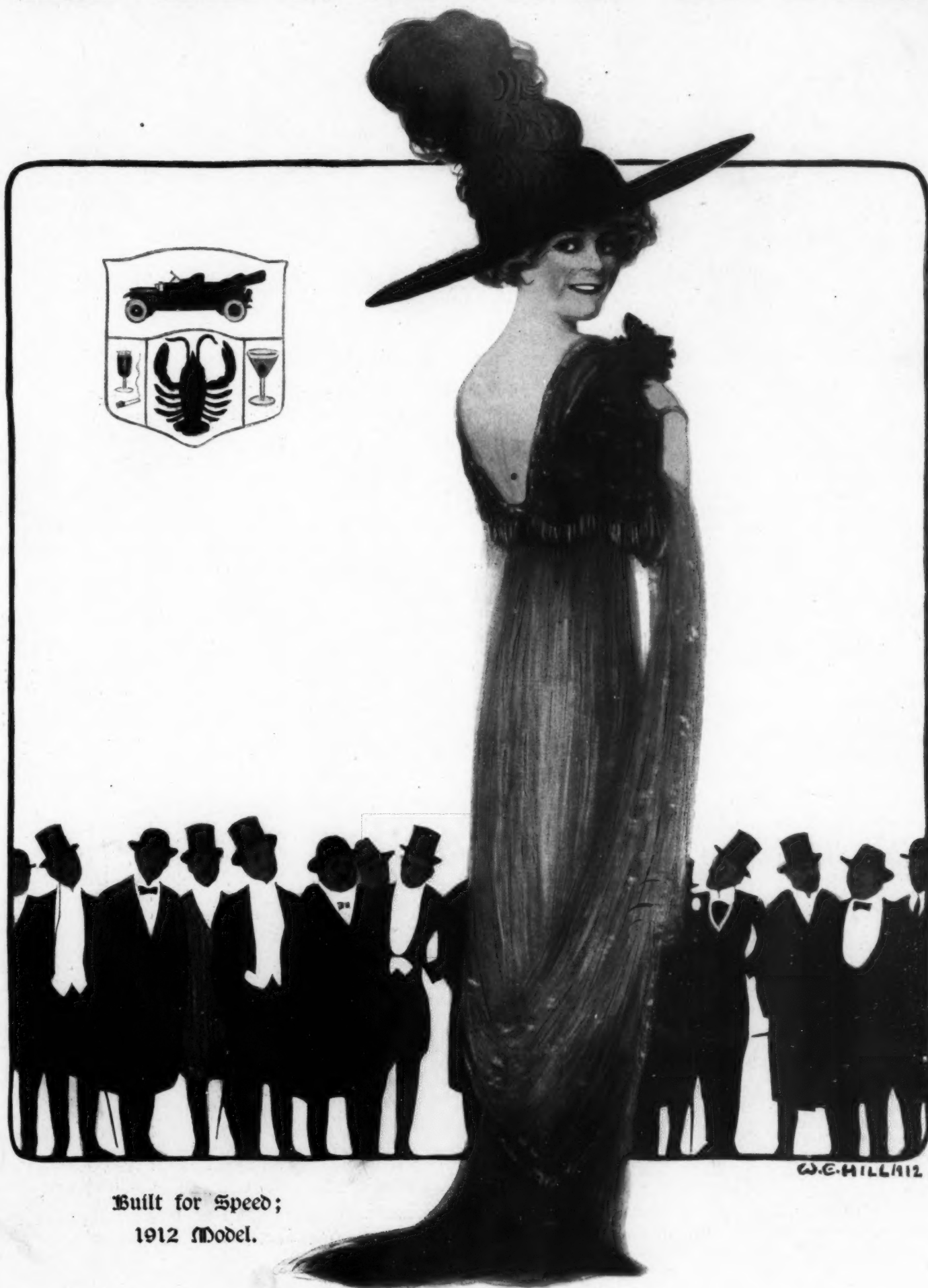


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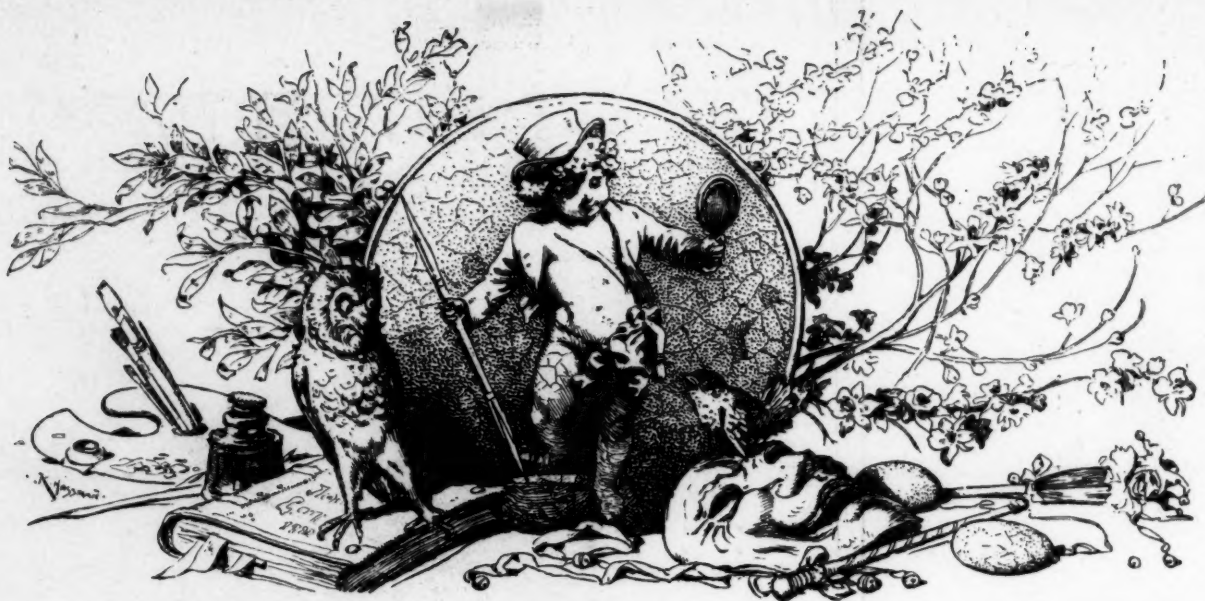
PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 3rd, 1912.  
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# EASTER PUCK



Built for Speed;  
1912 Model.



Published by  
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No. 1831. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1912.  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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## Cartoons and Comments

**SPITTING ON THE FLAG.** RECENTLY an Italian was sentenced to thirty days in prison and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars because he had spit upon the American flag. This is the extreme penalty of the law. It is a grave offense to spit upon or otherwise express contempt for the American emblem, and it is not safe to attempt it when any one is around to see. The misguided ignoramus who tried it in this instance and is now in jail should not be judged too harshly, however. It is true that he spit upon the flag, but it was upon one flag only, a single piece of bunting. What was *his* offense compared with that of which the Sugar Trust, for instance, was found to be guilty? When a trust which the people protect with an enormous tariff steals, by means of short weight and fake scales, from the Government which gives it protection, what is that but spitting on the American flag? Could contempt for the national emblem or the people who back it up be more convincingly displayed? The Sugar Trust, too, employs Hindus and Japanese, the cheapest of cheap labor, right on American soil, but in all probability would resist any sweeping reduction of the sugar schedule, at least partly, on the ground that it would work injury to "American labor" which the Tariff is under sacred obligations to protect. Is not this spitting on the American flag, and in a most galling and offensive way, because it assumes that the American people are dolts who do not know the difference? Stealing from the American hand which protects it, and taking American money and paying it to foreign labor in America, — what is one misguided Italian's act of expectoration compared with such wholesale and deliberate desecration of the flag by intelligent and "reputable" American business men? The next time you read that some half-crazed alien has insulted the American flag, think of the excellent company he is in, and don't be too hard on him.

ONE of the things which the public has had drummed into its head a great many times since the Sherman Law entered the lime-light is that business in the United States, Big Business, is no longer a matter of individualism,

but of combination. It has been impressed upon the public mind that organization and combination are here to stay, and that no amount of argument or ill-advised legislation can check a tendency which is world-wide and inevitable. This, we know, is "old stuff," and it is only mentioned again because it is in such vivid contrast to something which was recently said in Lawrence, Mass., and still more recently in the Pennsylvania coal conferences. The same sort of people who tell Congressmen and Senators and Presidents that organization and combination are inevitable, that they are a natural development and a product of the times, invariably take pains to inform striking workmen that they will not recognize a Union, and will deal with their men only as individuals. This was the case in the Lawrence strike. It is now the case in the anthracite coal situation. Despite the fact that organization is inevitable, and all the rest of the argument, the right to organize would seem to apply to capital only, not to labor. From an outside standpoint it is difficult to see why sauce which is right and proper for the goose should not be sauce for the gander as well, but apparently it is not so.



THE PITCHER AND THE WELL.

Individualism is out of date and combination is inevitable—these are facts which great combinations of capital call upon the Government to recognize; but the right of workers to combine and to be dealt with as a collective unit the same great combinations refuse to recognize "on principle." Some of our most serious problems seem almost funny when seen at a distance.

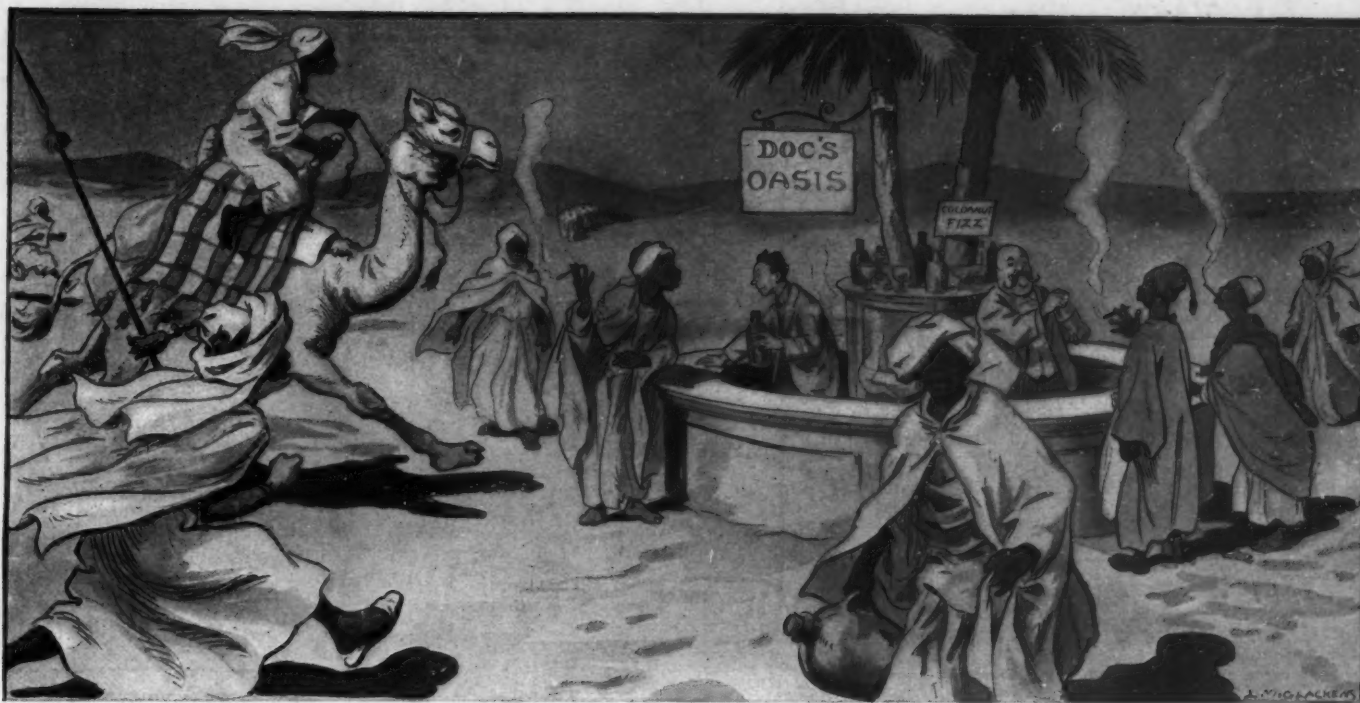
IN 1908 Col. ROOSEVELT cried "If they don't take TAFT, they'll get *me*." Now, in 1912, he warns his party, "If you don't take *me*, you'll get TAFT," —a terrible possibility! But the Republican machine does n't scare worth a cent.



MARGUERITE DEMOCRACY.

MEPHISTO BRYAN.—I'm through! Some of you other devils can tempt her this year.





A POPULAR CONCEPTION OF AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

#### AN EASTER SERMON.

O, I did n't get out to church Easter Sunday," said Miss Lillypadd to Miss Giddylove. "I had such a perfectly dreadful, awful, terrible, horrible cold that I could n't go. My nose was a lobster red. I was awfully peeved because I could n't go. Was the sermon our new rector preached a good sermon? Tell me about it."

"Oh, it was lovely! So eloquent and so full of—of—you know what I mean. I just loved every word of it. It was on the text— I wish you could have seen the hat right in front of me. It was the strangest combination of purple and yellow and pink and magenta and blue and red and half-a-dozen other colors, and yet it had a certain *air* about it that gave it—well, what you would call tone. And the woman with her had a perfect *dream* of a hat in three shades of green with five blue plumes. As a rule I don't like a combination of blue and green, but this was ever so fetching. But, as I was going to say, the rector took his text from— What under the sun makes Katie LaVellers wear blue with that coffee-tinted complexion of hers, and sky blue at that! Honest, her Easter hat was a huge thing in sky blue. It was enough to set one's teeth on edge above a complexion like hers. It was as bad as a woman who sat near us with a positively yellow complexion and a royal purple

hat! Think of it—royal purple and a yellow complexion! Not one person in a thousand can wear royal purple and— But the new rector *did* preach beautifully. So eloquent and so—let me see, what was his text? I made up my mind to remember it and I—it was from either Matthew or John, or it may have been from Luke, but it was all about— The soprano in the choir had a white and green and gold hat that was a perfect beauty. How some of these choir singers do dress, anyhow! That hat never cost a cent less than forty dollars

and—I wish to man that you could have seen the spectacle Maizie Highflyer made of herself in a flame-colored red velvet hat with a bushel of flowers and feathers of the same tint! It was enough to cause some one to ring in a fire alarm! That hat was fully a foot and a half high with a flame-colored feather a foot long above it all. I saw people nudging each other when she came down the aisle with it on! Trust Maizie to go the limit in hats or any other fashion. It might have done for a horse show or a country club race, but for church—mercy on us! How anyone could have serious thoughts about their immortal souls with a thing like that on one's head! I am sure we shall like the new rector if all of his sermons are as good as the one we had this morning. It was so—so, well, so full of uplift—that just expresses it, uplift! It was from— Do you know that red seems to be the prevailing color this season? I counted no less than twenty-nine red hats in the congregation—all red, and nineteen with a touch of red in them. Too bad you did n't get out and had to miss the parade. The new rector's sermon was lovely, just lovely!" *Max Merryman.*



HIS HAT IS NOT IN THE RING.

#### GENIUS.

CLERK.—How shall I mark these new dress-goods?

OLD TAPEYARD.—Just figure out fifty per cent. profit and add seven odd cents, so the women will think it's a bargain.

**E**verything in this world is of some use, although some of the inhabitants seem to be exceptions to the rule.

# Easter in ye Middle Ages.



J. M. G. ACHEN



THE CIRCUS PRESS-AGENT.

HE WRITES ABOUT THE CORNVILLE GRADUATING EXERCISES.

**T**HE Circus Press-Agent, while trying to kill time waiting for a late train, accompanied the Cornville editor to the graduating exercises of the High-School. As the editor was suffering from a felon the press-agent wrote up the events in his customary pleasing manner, and added fame if not fortune to the school in question. His remarkable literary effort appeared in the Cornville Bugle next day as follows:

Last night in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Cornville's Preëminently Enormous New High-School closed the most prosperous season of its career with the Most Unequaled, Unapproachable, and Notably Novel Graduating Exercises ever conceived. No more Wonderful and Incomparable exhibition of oratorical achievements; Artistic, Astounding, Awe-inspiring Vocal exploits; Extraordinary, Pyramidal, and Prodiggally proficient musical effects, were ever offered on any Commencement programme in Sacred or Profane History in this or any other land.

At 7.30 the curtain ascended, displaying the Eight Young Lady and Gentlemen graduates, the Board of Education, the Teachers and Members of the school surrounded by potted plants and countless flags. Surely an eye-feast of Sumptuous Kaleidoscopic Splendors. Never before has there been such a prodigal display of Spectacular interest; combining the Luxuriously elegant costumes, Superb toilets, waving Banners, tropical foliage, Celebrities of Cornville life, teachers, scholars, scientists, church dignitaries, historians, athletes, sages, and musicians all correctly costumed, making it a Most Transcendentally Beautiful, Substantial, Surprising, and Satisfying opening to the Pleasurable performances to follow.

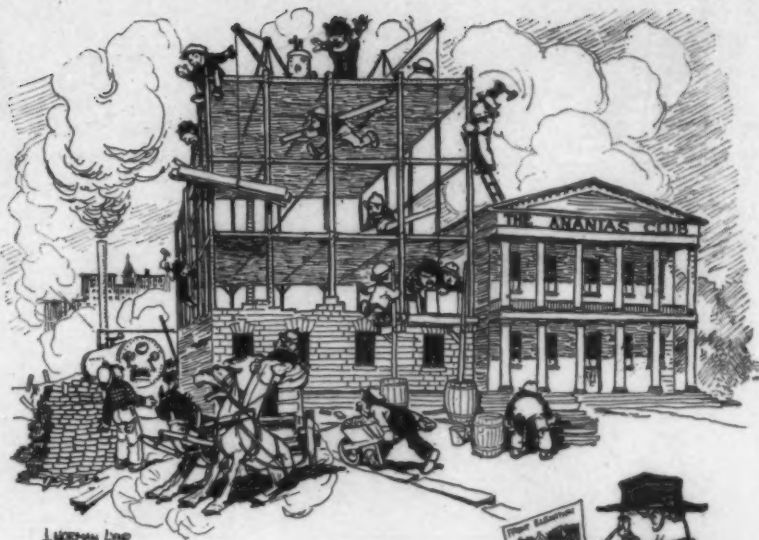
Mr. Isadore Jones, the World's Famous musical director and talented leader of the Methodist choir, next wielded his baton over a corps of more than thirty prominent singers and soloists from the United

Classes of this Highest of all High-Schools. This Superb sight was most bewilderingly grand, and opened to the eyes of the Countless spectators a greater Blaze of Glory and Music than could be evolved from the Simultaneous presentation of a score of choirs from Cornville's most Lavishly Splendid Churches.

Display Number Two proved to be a Distinctive and Distinguished Novelty entitled "the Class Will." A perfect whirlwind of fun and humor by the comical Miss Perkins.

A Wonderful and Incomparable exhibition of Exhilarating, Dashing, and Novel elocution was next introduced by the Graceful and Accomplished Miss De Kelly, who recited the Terrific Real Roman Four-Horse Chariot-Race from *Ben Hur*. The Marvelous and Magnificent talent displayed separates this supreme performance from all other mere imitators.

The Crowning culmination of the Commencement Sensation of the Century was the unparalleled and scarcely believable performance of Mr. James Johnson in his Mystic Mystery act entitled "the Class Prophecy," in which the future life of his classmates was laid bare to the mystified and breathless audience. Certainly a superb, Glorious, and original departure from the customary mediocre performances so often fostered upon the Commencement-loving public.



BUILDING AN ADDITION

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE ARCHITECT.

The Acme and Idealization of Oratorical Splendor, without Peer or Parallel, was the Stupendous Oration delivered by the Peerless Pride of the Prodiggously Proficient Cornville High-School on the subject of "Life, Liberty, and Justice; or, The Crime of the Nation." A very important and impressive part of this Grand Composite Exhibitional Enterprise.

No writer, however skilful, can tell in words, no painter can produce on canvas, no sculptor can perpetuate in marble, the impressiveness, the heart-breaking sorrow, the dewy tears, the Absolutely Unparalleled agony displayed by the Valedictorian of the Class in her beautiful farewell to the Teachers, Board of Education, and Schoolmates. At the conclusion of her remarkable remarks the Gifted Young Lady, the Teachers, Officers, Classmates, and Audience joined in one Enormous, United, and Colossal Sob.

The closing episode of this Stellar Programme was the Peerless and Priceless remarks uttered by that man of Exalted reputation and Proud and Enviably fame, The Honorable Joshua Whitaker, President of the Board of Education, who presented to each of the exceptionally talented graduates the coveted diploma, and thus ended the Glorious Beauties and Delights of this Supremely Attractive and Super-eminently Gorgeous, Grand, and Massive Graduating Exhibition, Exhaustively presented by Cornville's High-School in the most Elaborate and attractively Resplendent manner possible in this age of Glittering Splendor.

Morris Anderson.

EVEN THEN.

**F**IRST EGYPTIAN. — I see they finished the Great Pyramid last week. What do you think of it?

**SECOND DITTO.** — Somebody got a big graft. You take it from me, fifty years from now the whole thing will have crumbled.

WHAT'S THE USE?

**M**RS. DE STYLE. — I am glad that you have abolished the smoke nuisance that has been spoiling our lawns and lace-curtains. How did you do it?

**MANUFACTURER.** — It was easy. We simply confine it to the inside now, and let the workmen inhale it.



A PORTRAIT

OF A WHITE HOUSE COOK, ON HEARING MRS. TAFT REFERRED TO AS "THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND."



THE FIRST ONE.

"I hear that the Dutch palefaces have just bought Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars."

"Just think of it! Sixty years ago my father could have bought it for three beads. If he only had done so, just think what I'd be worth now!"

**T**here are some philanthropists who spend altogether too much time inducing other people to subscribe.

THE CAT CAME BACK, BUT NOT THE BIRD.



I.  
THE CAT.—Gee! But that bird's stuck on himself!



II.  
THE CAT.—I'll just take a fall out of him! Here goes!



III.  
Oh, finish it yourself!



THE customers' man was very much down on his luck. The firm with which he had been ever since leaving college had failed. It was a "bad" failure, and while he had had nothing to do with it, he found that no other firm wanted to give him an opening. He made up his mind, finally, to quit Wall Street and go into business.

That night he went home and made an inventory of his mental equipment. Here is what he found:

A general idea as to the speculative standing of the stocks of most of the country's big corporations, with a very fair idea of their price movements during the past few years.

A large supply of knowledge, most of it of an indefinite sort, as to what railroads and big industrial companies were "doing well" and as to what ones were n't.

A general idea of the "Wall Street affiliations" of most of the big properties.

A thorough knowledge of Wall Street's crazy superstitions as to what makes prices go up and down.

A smattering knowledge of office routine and of how a brokerage firm's books are kept.

The customers' man glanced over the list. "The joke is on me, all right," he said to himself. "A lot of use I'd be in any business where definite knowledge about anything is required. I guess it's back to Wall Street for mine."

ON a certain morning recently the mail of the financial editor of one of the big monthly magazines contained, among other things, a request from a man in Nevada for information on a Nevada gold-mining stock, an inquiry postmarked Jacksonville

about a Florida land-selling scheme, and a letter from a woman in Seattle asking the editor's personal opinion about real-estate mortgages offered by a local firm.

"What beats me," remarked the financial editor, "is why these people write to a magazine for these things. I can see why they write in asking me for an opinion on Steel Common, or Sugar, or Erie, but I'll be blamed if I can see why they think I should know anything about mort-

gages in Seattle or fruit-lands in Florida. What do I do about it? Look up those various propositions? Perhaps! That would take me about a hundred hours a day. No, I can't look them up. What I do is to write something general. Here's what I'll write this Seattle mortgage woman:

"DEAR MADAM: Replying to your inquiry of the 15th, we beg to say that real-estate mortgages, when properly issued, are an excellent form of investment. If the parties offering you the mortgage are responsible, and the value of the property shows a sufficient margin over the amount of the mortgage, it is probably a good investment proposition. We need hardly caution you, however, that in matters of this kind it is necessary to exercise the utmost discrimination.

"Trusting that this reply fulfils your requirements, we are, etc."

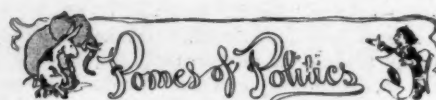
Franklin.



TOO GOOD TO OVERLOOK.

BURLESQUE QUEEN.—That big flash in the center is a correct imitation of the famous Hope diamond.

COMEDIAN.—Great! Wait till you hear the wheeze I'll pull about the White Hope!



THE DARK AGES.

Oh, worthy was T. Jefferson;  
A man of parts was he;  
As President, he tried to run  
The land with energy.  
He oft displayed ability  
Quite boundless in extent;  
The god of our Democracy  
Was this Virginia gent.

But he might have accomplished more, 't is true,  
Could Hearst have told him what to do.

Oh, Andy Jackson also stood  
In favor triple-ple;  
A simple, rugged soul and good,  
His Party ranked him high.  
And in a fight—Oh, my!  
His middle name was Scrap;  
Whene'er a foe he'd spy,  
He'd wipe him off the map.

But he might have done better, we all allow,  
Could Hearst have only shown him how.

Oh, Lincoln was another man  
By all considered great;  
Scarce out of boyhood he began  
His service to the state.  
An instrument of fate,  
He lived his life for others;  
A stranger unto hate,  
He knew all men as brothers.

But he might have been greater, historians say,  
Could Hearst have been present to show him the way.

Oh, what an awful thought it is  
That some too soon were born;  
Some never saw his noble phiz,  
Or read him, eve and morn.  
They sought, by doubts oft torn,  
For paths they could not find;  
Oh, statesmen all forlorn!  
Oh, blind who led the blind!

How happy the outlook! The prospect bow fair!  
Could Willie, our Willie, have only been there.

A. H. Folwell.

The oldest inhabitant may boast of his spryness, but nobody knows how lazy he was when a boy.



## The Winter Garden Show.



THERE is so much that is novel and entertaining in the new show at the Winter Garden that it is hardly worth while to dwell upon the weak spots. It is supposed to be along the lines of a European music-hall entertainment. The term "Continental variety" is a misnomer in this case, for no hall on the other side ever put over a show with half the snap and go that characterizes "A Night With the Pierrots" and "The Whirl of Society." "A Night With the Pierrots" is nothing more nor less than an old-time minstrel show done with "Sumurun" trimmings, and is easily the best thing of its kind seen in New York for a long time. As in "Sumurun," there is a runway built in the centre of the auditorium, over which chorus and principals pass from the back of the house to the stage, led by Al Jolson, for once without his black-face make-up. There are enough raggy rags sung to keep your brain in a whirl for a week afterward! The remainder of the show is taken up with "The Whirl

of Society," an Oriental ballet, featuring Mlle. Bert Angere of the Ba-ta-Clan, and some wonderful scenic effects.

Of the people in the minstrel first part and the "Whirl," Stella Mayhew and Al Jolson easily take the lead. Al Jolson proves that he can be quite as funny without black-face as with his familiar make-up. José Collins and Martin Brown do a "Cinderella" waltz in the "Whirl" part of the show that is unusually good of its kind, with the staircase business from "The Count of Luxemburg" thrown in. "The Gaby Glide" is retained from the former Winter Garden show. A little blonde girl on the end in this number deserves her name on the program among the principals. She is about the liveliest young lady who ever graced the front row. The seats along the runway ought to be in demand. Some day one of the show-girls is going to trip and land in some fellow's lap. W. E. Hill.

### THE LINE OF MARCH.

LADIES wearing creations, conceptions, and artistic triumphs in Loeb-eluded crème de soie, cloth of alimony, Duchess of Snobsborough crêpe meteor, Despair o' Hubby charmeuse, and taupe velvet de Climber.

Lady friends strategically posted for the purpose of seeing if the Cluny, Valenciennes, and point-lace lingerie shows beneath the Loeb-eluded crème de soie, etc.

Band of female critics of Loeb-eluded crème de soie, etc., rendering "The Anvil Chorus."

Ladies wearing Parisian dreams, Paquin masterpieces, and Rue de la Paix visions in mousseline de

soie, divorçons marquissette, Durbar of Delhi satin, Rage o' Reno crêpe de chine, and brocade à la milliardaire.

Band of female critics playing "Jealous Rag." Men who owe for mousseline de soie, etc.

Tailors, modistes, milliners, teinturiers, etc., who are owed for mousseline de soie, etc.

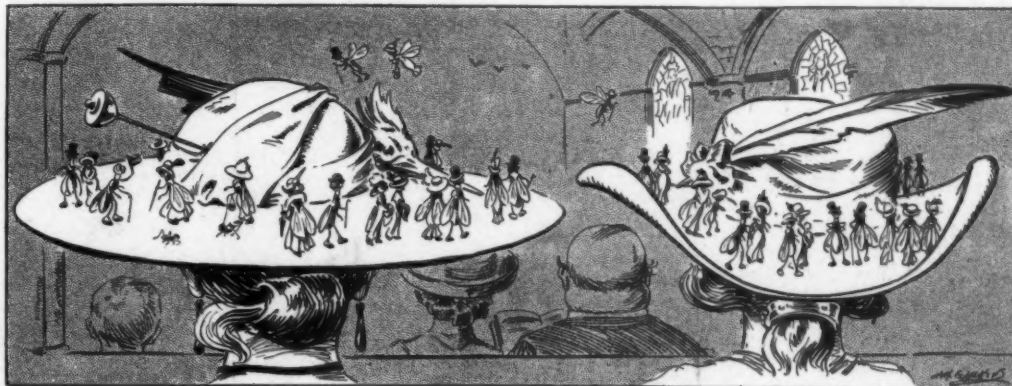
Female color-wearers, displaying latest shades of London haze, co-respondent purple, Gaby green, Newport mauve, etc.

Ladies wearing Regent Street extravaganzas, Viennese importations, Worth wonders in Rope o' Pearl de Gary, Ruination o' Dad moiré, king's blue peau de soie, and panné velvet à la smuggle.

Female critics bearing harpoons, rip-saws, shafts, and macerators.

Company of Daisy Deans, Beatrice Bon-tons, Cynthia Sinclairs, and Leona Libbeys, securing copy for Sunday fashion-letters.

Ministers, rabble, worshippers, outsiders, children, nurses, Pomeranian poodles, vestrymen, male admirers, etc., etc.



PARADE OF THE EASTER FLIES.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE HAWK.





THE HAWK.



## An Easter Lay

**S**PITE of the plots of the Egg Trust nefarious  
Eggs are the rage in a thousand of ways;  
This is the time when the show-windows various  
Outdo the poets in showing their lays;  
Everywhere glistens the Easter-time flummery  
(Rabbits, and eggs, and wee chickens complete),  
But better than these is the dainty and summery  
Vision of Chickens who pass on the street.

Where is the show-window equal to matching 'em?  
Where is a poultry exhibit so grand?  
Gee! if a henry started in hatching 'em  
Would n't it get all the trade in the land?  
Plymouth Rocks, Cochins, and brands multitudinous  
May make a hit in the poultry-men's trade,  
But most men prefer—though it's probably rude in us—  
Chickens like these in the Easter Parade!

Here there are Chicks who can play on a Chickering.  
Others on setting the table are great,—  
Broilers with eyes in which mischief is flickering,  
Dignified Chickens with manners sedate.  
All of them pullet your heartstrings alluringly,  
(Knowing eggsactly the trouble produced);  
Why not be yolked with one fast and enduringly?  
Marry a Chicken—and set up a roost!

Berton Braley.



### FROM THE POLKVILLE WEEKLY CLARION.

**W**e hasten to apologize for and explain a most regrettable contretemps which appeared in our last issue, due to the chronic perversity of inanimate objects which forever hangs over the head of the country editor like the sword of Demosthenes, and also the fact that during our unavoidable absence on press-day the foreman drank, in much larger and more frequent doses than the directions prescribe, a bottle of a certain well-known patent panacea. This caused him to permit the types to declare that "The session of the Women's Study Coterie was hell, as usual, last Wednesday evening," when, in fact, quite the opposite was true and everything was unusually harmonious, as we have since humbly assured several charming callers at our sanctum, and as we also wish to assure those who have not yet been able to drop in on us.

### Lovers Once, But Strangers Now.—IV.



### SETTIN' TIME.

GETTING THE OLD HEN ON THE JOB.

(From Easter PUCK, 1908.)

### HE HAS LEARNED TO SAY NO.

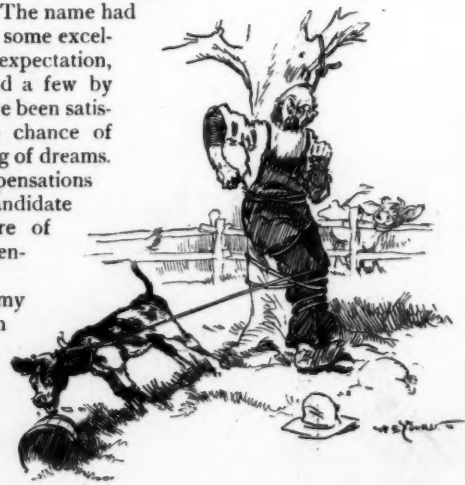
**J**OHAN G. WOOLLEY, formerly the candidate for President of the United States on the Prohibition ticket, has decided to quit the party and indulge himself in politics no more. We shall miss him from the ballot. The name had a certain degree of warmth; some excellent people voted for him in expectation, others through myopia, and a few by intent. And there must have been satisfactions, even though the chance of actual honors was but a thing of dreams. Not the least of these compensations was that the Prohibition candidate could feel reasonably sure of running ahead of the Independence League.

"I have given most of my life for the Prohibition Party," said Mr. Woolley in putting away the crown, "but we were never able to get the hard-headed business men into our party." Frankly spoken; and it would be interesting to know if Mr. Woolley realizes the reason of that failure.

The reason is this: The Prohibition Party is intemperate, and more and more the trend of feeling in this country is toward temperance. Temperance not only in drinking, but in eating, in working, in playing, in preaching, and even in praying. The drinking of liquors may be a pleasant recreation or it may be a curse; but so, in truth, may be the eating of onions, the playing of pinocle, or the reading of books.

Prohibition, whether of the consumption of liquor, or the squeaking of shoes, or of sneezing in public, is an intemperate thing. No really thoughtful man will vote for it—unless he views those two good old institutions, the Rep. and Dem. parties, with a spleeny eye.

Freeman Tilden.



### GENUINE CALF BINDING.

**If at first you don't succeed some of your relations will tell each other why you never will succeed.**



# THAT POLICE-DOG.



I.  
CAPTAIN.—I want you to put on plain clothes and do a little detective work.



II.  
"Nobody would get wise that I'm a plain clothes man."



III.  
"I'm to watch that house. Well, I'll make a bet that nobody goes in or out unless I see them."



IV.  
"Gee! I wish something would happen."



V.  
"Well, for the love of —"



VI.  
"How do you expect me to do detective work with you around?"

# ON BARGAIN DAY.

CLOTHING SALESMAN.—Well, sir, what can we do for you?

MR. MAINCHANCE.—I want my seven dollars change!

SALESMAN.—Why, we don't owe you anything!

MR. MAINCHANCE.—Yer don't eh? Hain't you advertisin' your late \$15 suits now for \$8? Wa-al, this 'ere is one I bought three weeks ago! Whack up yer change!

## VARIATION.

STRANGER.—What time is it, please?

SCIENTIFIC MAN (*absently*).—What do you want—sun time, mean local time, or standard time?

## AT RETAIL.

"INK is cheap."  
"I don't know about that. I left a pen full on the back of a note once—that cost me two thousand five hundred dollars."

## THE VERY THING.

MISS TOPPIN.—This piece of ribbon was made to order. There's not another bit like it in the world.

MISS HOPPIN.—I'm going shopping to-morrow, and I wish you'd lend it to me to match.

## PROVOCATION.

MAMMA.—Johnny, did you strike Willie?

JOHNNY.—Yes'm, but he hit me back.

## EASILY STATED.

MRS. STONE.—What is the difference between an investment and a speculation, dear?

KIRBY STONE.—If you lose, it's a speculation.

## WIDE AWAKE.

SAMMY MAMMASBOY.—Going to move in May, Tommy?

TOMMY TUFNUT.—Yep.

SAMMY MAMMASBOY.—Why, how did you know?

TOMMY TUFNUT.—Ah! how'd I know? Did n't m' mother lemme break a cellar winder t' other day an' did n't say nartin? How'd I know? A-a-ah, you!

## REAL REASON.

FRIEND.—I suppose the Bank Examiner comes around to find out what is on hand?

BANKER (*grimly*).—No; more often to find out what's on foot!

# Youthful Beauty

will be untouched by advancing years if the care of the skin is given daily attention. The skin is always gradually renewing itself, and, if you are careless of it, it just as gradually deteriorates in quality, color and fineness. By the daily use of

# Pears' Soap

however, which cleanses, purifies and invigorates the skin-surface, the new skin is produced under such perfect conditions, that instead of deteriorating, it becomes soft, velvety, and of a natural, beautiful pink and white. Pears is acknowledged everywhere to be

The  
Beauty Soap  
of the World



"All rights secured"  
OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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A fine selection for Easter, Wedding, or Birthday Gifts.

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## An Easter Lay

**I**N PITE of the plots of the Egg Trust nefarious  
Eggs are the rage in a thousand of ways;  
This is the time when the show-windows various  
Outdo the poets in showing their lays;  
Everywhere glistens the Easter-time flummery  
(Rabbits, and eggs, and wee chickens complete),  
But better than these is the dainty and summery  
Vision of Chickens who pass on the street.

Where is the show-window equal to matching 'em?  
Where is a poultry exhibit so grand?  
Gee! if a hennery started in hatching 'em  
Would n't it get all the trade in the land?  
Plymouth Rocks, Cochins, and brands multitudinous  
May make a hit in the poultry-men's trade,  
But most men prefer—though it's probably rude in us—  
Chickens like these in the Easter Parade!

Here there are Chicks who can play on a Chickering.  
Others on setting the table are great,—  
Broilers with eyes in which mischief is flickering,  
Dignified Chickens with manners sedate.  
All of them pullet your heartstrings alluringly,  
(Knowing eggsactly the trouble produced);  
Why not be yolked with one fast and enduringly?  
Marry a Chicken—and set up a roost!

Berton Braley.



### FROM THE POLKVILLE WEEKLY CLARION.

**W**E hasten to apologize for and explain a most regrettable contretemps which appeared in our last issue, due to the chronic perversity of inanimate objects which forever hangs over the head of the country editor like the sword of Demosthenes, and also the fact that during our unavoidable absence on press-day the foreman drank, in much larger and more frequent doses than the directions prescribe, a bottle of a certain well-known patent panacea. This caused him to permit the types to declare that "The session of the Women's Study Coterie was hell, as usual, last Wednesday evening," when, in fact, quite the opposite was true and everything was unusually harmonious, as we have since humbly assured several charming callers at our sanctum, and as we also wish to assure those who have not yet been able to drop in on us.

### Lovers Once, But Strangers Now.—IV.



#### SETTIN' TIME.

GETTING THE OLD HEN ON THE JOB.  
(From Easter PUCK, 1908.)

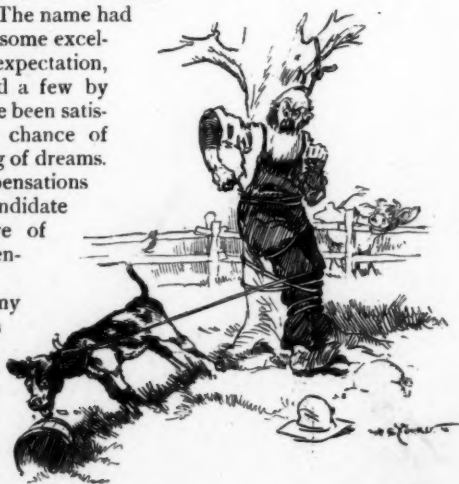
### HE HAS LEARNED TO SAY NO.

**J**OHAN G. WOOLLEY, formerly the candidate for President of the United States on the Prohibition ticket, has decided to quit the party and indulge himself in politics no more. We shall miss him from the ballot. The name had a certain degree of warmth; some excellent people voted for him in expectation, others through myopia, and a few by intent. And there must have been satisfactions, even though the chance of actual honors was but a thing of dreams. Not the least of these compensations was that the Prohibition candidate could feel reasonably sure of running ahead of the Independence League.

"I have given most of my life for the Prohibition Party," said Mr. Woolley in putting away the crown, "but we were never able to get the hard-headed business men into our party." Frankly spoken; and it would be interesting to know if Mr. Woolley realizes the reason of that failure.

The reason is this: The Prohibition Party is intemperate, and more and more the trend of feeling in this country is toward temperance. Temperance not only in drinking, but in eating, in working, in playing, in preaching, and even in praying. The drinking of liquors may be a pleasant recreation or it may be a curse; but so, in truth, may be the eating of onions, the playing of pinochle, or the reading of books.

Prohibition, whether of the consumption of liquor, or the squeaking of shoes, or of sneezing in public, is an intemperate thing. No really thoughtful man will vote for it—unless he views those two good old institutions, the Rep. and Dem. parties, with a spleeny eye. *Freeman Tilden.*



#### GENUINE CALF BINDING.

**If at first you don't succeed some of your relations will tell each other why you never will succeed.**



# THAT POLICE-DOG.



I.  
CAPTAIN.—I want you to put on plain clothes and do a little detective work.



II.  
"Nobody would get wise that I'm a plain clothes man."



III.  
"I'm to watch that house. Well, I'll make a bet that nobody goes in or out unless I see them."



IV.  
"Gee! I wish something would happen."



V.  
"Well, for the love of —"



VI.  
"How do you expect me to do detective work with you around?"

# ON BARGAIN DAY.

CLOTHING SALESMAN.—Well, sir, what can we do for you?

MR. MAINCHANCE.—I want my seven dollars change!

SALESMAN.—Why, we don't owe you anything!

MR. MAINCHANCE.—Yer don't eh? Hain't you advertisin' your late \$15 suits now for \$8? Wa-al, this 'ere is one I bought three weeks ago! Whack up yer change!

## VARIATION.

STRANGER.—What time is it, please?

SCIENTIFIC MAN (*absently*).—What do you want — sun time, mean local time, or standard time?

## AT RETAIL.

"INK is cheap."  
"I don't know about that. I left a pen full on the back of a note once that cost me two thousand five hundred dollars."

## THE VERY THING.

MISS TOPPIN.—This piece of ribbon was made to order. There's not another bit like it in the world.

MISS HOPPIN.—I'm going shopping to-morrow, and I wish you'd lend it to me to match.

## PROVOCATION.

MAMMA.—Johnny, did you strike Willie?  
JOHNNY.—Yes'm, but he hit me back.

## EASILY STATED.

MRS. STONE.—What is the difference between an investment and a speculation, dear?

KIRBY STONE.—If you lose, it's a speculation.

## WIDE AWAKE.

SAMMY MAMMASBOY.—Going to move in May, Tommy?

TOMMY TUFNUT.—Yep.

SAMMY MAMMASBOY.—Why, how did you know?

TOMMY TUFNUT.—Ah! how'd I know? Did n't m' mother lemme break a cellar winder t' other day an' did n't say nartin? How'd I know? A-a-ah, you!

## REAL REASON.

FRIEND.—I suppose the Bank Examiner comes around to find out what is on hand?

BANKER (*grimly*).—No; more often to find out what's on foot!

# Youthful Beauty

will be untouched by advancing years if the care of the skin is given daily attention. The skin is always gradually renewing itself, and, if you are careless of it, it just as gradually deteriorates in quality, color and fineness. By the daily use of

# Pears' Soap

however, which cleanses, purifies and invigorates the skin-surface, the new skin is produced under such perfect conditions, that instead of deteriorating, it becomes soft, velvety, and of a natural, beautiful pink and white. Pears is acknowledged everywhere to be

The Beauty Soap of the World



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"THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED"

DAILY  
Lv. New York, Pennsylvania Station - 10.50 A. M.  
Ar. French Lick Springs - (next day) 1.10 P. M.

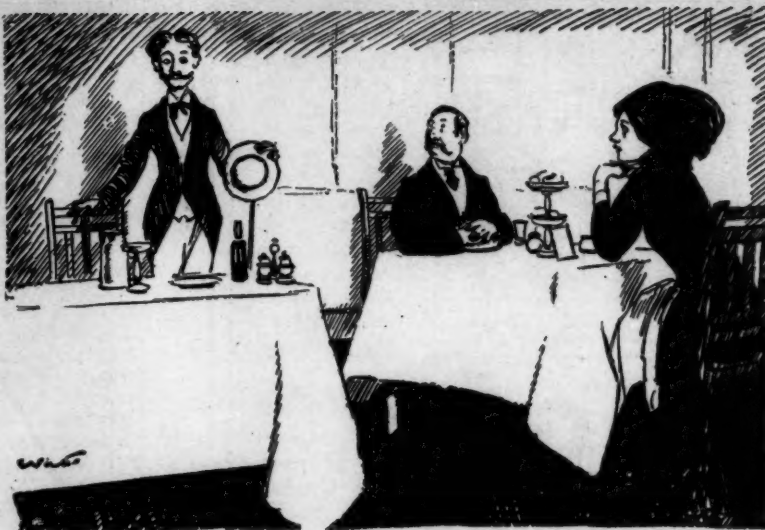
Through sleeping cars to Indianapolis; parlor car  
Indianapolis to French Lick Springs.

Returning leave French Lick Springs daily at 1.45  
P. M.; arrive New York 5.30 P. M., with like  
service.

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# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

THE SPAGHETTI EATER.—I.



"Oh, John, look at that handsome fellow! What grace these foreigners have, and such polish—"

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that  
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your  
getting the very best.  
O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

WHAT MILTON OMITTED.

The rebellious angels had just been  
cast out of heaven. In the swift down-  
ward flight Lucifer overtook Beelzebub.  
"What's troubling you, Bub?" he  
called.

"An old problem," answered the  
future foul fiend between somer-  
saunts: "'Where are we going this  
fall?'"—Lippincott's.

**BOYS! This Ball Glove and 50c**  
**The Boys' Magazine (6 mos.)**

We will also include, without extra cost,  
a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to  
Earn Money." Walter Camp editor  
The Boys' Magazine. Each issue  
of this magazine is filled with  
clear, fascinating stories and in-  
structive articles, of intense interest  
to every live boy. Departments devoted  
to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechan-  
ics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry,  
Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and  
beautifully illustrated throughout. This splendid glove is made  
by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of finest tan  
leather, felt padded, leather lined, web thumb, deep pocket.  
Guaranteed. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today.  
The Scott F. Redfield Co., 927 Main St., Southport, Pa.  
The Boys' Magazine at all news-stands, 10c a copy.

TIME TO ROOST.

"Doctor," said the despairing pa-  
tient, "I'm in a dreadful way—I can  
neither lay nor set. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the medical man  
gravely, "I think you had better—  
roost!"—Evening Sun.

# CHALLENGE

## COLLARS & CUFFS

LINEN STYLE AND FIT without its bother and  
expense—they keep cleaner and wear far longer than linen.  
At dealers: Collars, Etc.; Cuffs, Etc. Style Book Free.  
The Arlington Company Established 1888 126 Broadway, N. Y.

"HEARD about the latest insurance  
scheme?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, the company agrees to pay  
alimony to both parties in case the  
marriage turns out a failure."—Boston  
Transcript.

# RHEUMATISM

PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY  
THE ENGLISH REMEDY  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50c & \$1  
DRUGGISTS  
OR 85 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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EASTER VACATIONS IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

A SHORT SEA TRIP OVERNIGHT TO VIRGINIA,  
OLD POINT COMFORT, NORFOLK, RICHMOND or WASHINGTON, D. C.

Round trip tickets, in-  
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NORFOLK  
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OLD POINT  
AND RETURN  
**\$14.00**



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RICHMOND  
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General Offices, Pier 25, North River, New York

WHAT REALLY OCCURRED.

"Well, I declare," said Lot, as he realized that his wife had been turned  
into a pillar of salt, "that's a strange phenomenon. I always thought the  
old lady was largely pepper."

Whereupon he dug a salt-cellar and laid her gently away therein before  
moving on.—Harper's Weekly.

# Bunner's Short Stories.

....ILLUSTRATED....

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Con-  
tinuation of the above.

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Story of Small Stories.

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**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-  
able polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on  
wood while cleaning them. 36c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug-  
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**Champagne**

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France  
Vienna Exposition, 1873  
Austria  
Bruxelles Exposition, 1897  
Belgium  
Bruxelles Exposition, 1910  
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**Pleasant Valley Wine Co.**  
Oldest and Largest Champagne Producers in America  
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**VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.**

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P.D.F.: 425 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

**CYNICISIMUS.**  
"Even the Standard Oil Company has found out that there's a hereafter."  
"Think so? You will find out in due time that the hereafter is about the same as its heretofore." — *Chicago Tribune*.

**PROVED.**  
"I wonder if Jack knows I have money?"  
"Has he proposed?"  
"Yes."  
"He knows." — *Kansas City Journal*.

**REASON ENOUGH.**  
FIGG.—Don't you wish you could live your life over again?  
FOGG.—Well, I should say not. I've got a twenty-year endowment policy maturing this month. — *Boston Transcript*.

"He comes from a good family."  
"He seems to have come a long way." — *Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## THE OLYMPIAN

### Chicago to Puget Sound

A new train over a new route through a new country. Has no equal in luxury of fittings and splendid service throughout—provides home comforts and business conveniences—leaves Chicago daily 10:15 p.m., through for Seattle and Tacoma over the shortest line—the

**CHICAGO Milwaukee & St. Paul and Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railways**

"The Columbian," also a new train via the same route, leaves Chicago daily 10:00 a.m.

Descriptive literature sent on request.

F. A. MILLER  
General Passenger Agent  
CHICAGO

**A SCHEME.**  
"There's nothing in a name."  
"I think there is."  
"Prove it."  
"Well, I'll bet if it was called 'lodge' instead of 'church' more men would attend." — *Detroit Free Press*.

**THE ONLY CHANCE.**  
"If those California women run for office do you think they would be guilty of purchasing votes?"  
"Not unless they got green trading-stamps with them." — *Houston Post*.

**THAT WAS WHY.**  
"Why are you so sore on that eminent millionaire? He has done some good things."  
"I was one of them." — *Washington Herald*.

"His wife is a remarkable woman."  
"How so?"  
"She can look stylish in bonnets he likes." — *Detroit Free Press*.

**OLD I.W. HARPER WHISKEY**

THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED STILL THE BEST.

Note style of bottling

This is the Guaranteed Original Package.

A perfect whiskey of the Old School. The favorite with connoisseurs. Sold and recommended by the better class dealers.

BERNHHEIM DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



### THE SPAGHETTI EATER.—II.



FIVE MINUTES LATER.

—London Opinion.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SOMEBODY'S hat is always in the ring in Mexico. — *Detroit Free Press*.

"In Chapter One he shoots at her face five times. Ain't that grand?"  
"Yes, but them novels are misleading, Mayme. There ain't no earnest love like that in real life." — *Kansas City Journal*.

### WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 50c and 60c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

UP in Maine, a quartet from a village church choir was asked to go to the country to sing at the funeral services of a rich farmer. After the burial the members of the quartet climbed into the carriage that had brought them and prepared to start back to town. A distant relative of the deceased hurried up to them.

"Oh, you gentlemen must n't be a-leavin'," she said.  
"Why not?" asked the baritone.  
"Because you're all expected for dinner over at bereft's." — *Saturday Evening Post*.



**EVERY FISHERMAN** should wear one of these handsome fish-shaped watch charms. When worn on a chain it wiggles and flops about like a live fish. Made of non-tarnishing gilt metal. We will send you one of these charms together with a copy of this month's

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Tell Your Newsdealer

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NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name .....

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# IN MEMORIAM.

I DO NOT even know his name, and nothing can I pen  
Of homely points the public like to learn of famous men;  
But vainly I have waited for a better scribe to pick  
For tribute due the mighty men who joined the stone and stick.  
Oh, Galileo, Edison, and Watt and brothers Wright,  
And all ye great inventors basking in the calcium-light,  
Stand back, and let the rays disperse the gloom that gathers thick  
About the greatest of you all—he joined the stone and stick!  
Ah, when I peer through ages back, a quiet man I see  
Who sat apart within his cave—or was it in a tree?—  
Who, anyhow, forsook his mates for absent-minded play  
With ordinary sticks and stones that others threw away.  
Unheeding all the clever jokes the rabble played by stealth;  
Unheeding those facetious friends who asked about his health;  
In short, unminding sneers and jeers, he lived his life alone  
In contemplation of the weight and hardness of the stone,  
And equal rapt absorption in the wonder of the quick  
Convenient reach and smashing swing inherent in the stick.  
Whence came the great idea to join those simple elements?  
Oh, is there any genius who can tell how he invents?  
And what was its effect upon the great man? Did he sing?  
Or faint, or cry, or leap and dance, and shout like anything?  
Alas! I can't embellish the event that there began  
To cleave that early fauna into Other Beasts and Man;  
But looking back again I see the great inventor toil  
For patient weeks to make a joint that service would n't spoil.  
I see him light at last upon the sinews that he late  
Extracted from the members of the animals he ate,  
And therewith tie a jagged flint upon an oaken limb  
And then—alas! his subsequent performances are dim.  
Oh, went he in benevolence to show them how it worked?  
Or did he sally forth in ire and smite the friends who'd irked?  
Perhaps the credit and the club were stolen from him by  
A clever chap who knew the way to catch the public eye.  
Perhaps he got a pension, or was mobbed—I cannot say,  
But I'm certain that they acted in a very human way.  
So Homer and Columbus and Napoleon and Hoe  
And Newton, Wagner, Socrates, and Michelangelo,  
And all the other men whose fame is scattered far and wide,  
Have done but little for the race compared to him who tied  
The stern, uncompromising stone upon the helpful stick,  
And made our fundamental tool, and fired our Culture's wick,  
And shame it were he went unsung, and so I've done the trick.

Gorton Carruth.



BUT I'M CERTAIN  
THAT THEY ACTED IN A VERY HUMAN WAY



## What's Your Best?

If full flavor, proper ageing and exquisite bouquet are considered, the answer will always be

### Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Has that delightful smack found only in mature, bonded whiskey.

Remember the name—**OVERHOLT**—it's worth asking for

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Pittsburgh, Pa.



## A Striking Effect for Evening Dress

This is one of the newest patterns of the **Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons**

with sleeve links to match, that appeal so strongly to fastidious dressers, because of their simplicity and elegance.

Mother-of-Pearl with Platinum border and cross stitch. Backs of 14-K gold. They go in like a needle—hold like an anchor

And give permanent satisfaction to the purchaser.

Leading jewelers and high class haberdashers can show you many attractive patterns. Booklet by addressing

**KREMENTZ & CO.**

61 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.  
Makers of the famous Krementz Collar Buttons



## THE GAY LIFE.

He hurries every morning to catch a certain car;  
He goes to work where hundreds of other toilers are;  
His course is never varied; he has no time to stray;  
The route that is the shortest he takes day after day;  
He works upon a schedule that changes not at all  
In winter or in summer, in spring-time or in fall.

He starts in every morning, just as he did before,  
To do a certain duty, and never any more;  
He has his thirty minutes at noon to rest and read,  
And when the day is ended he hurries to the street  
To start his journey homeward, night after night the same,  
Jammed in with other people who do not know his name.

He does not know his neighbors, to them he is unknown;  
Beyond his little orbit his face is never shown;  
He hurries every morning to catch a certain car;  
At night he clings where other sad-faced straphangers are;  
He wonders how the people exist out on the farms,  
Deprived of social pleasures and all the city's charms.

—Chicago Record-Herald.



## Fighting Trout Leap High in Glacier National Park

DOWN the mountain sides in Glacier National Park rollicking streams rush into pine-clad valleys. These streams are full of deep, shadowy pools and swirling depths, in which lurk the greatest fighters of the finny tribe—Cut-throat mountain trout.

Out in the deep blue lakes, larger varieties may be lured to combat. But he who conquers here must fight.

Vacation trips through Glacier National Park cost from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per day. Great Northern Hotels are located at convenient points throughout the park.

Do you want an idea for your summer outing? Write for our entertainingly written and handsomely illustrated booklets just off the press.

Special Round Trip Summer Fares



Address  
**H. A. NOBLE,**  
General Passenger Agent,  
St. Paul, Minn.

## RELUCTANT SPRING.



Spring in all her splendor will be with us before long.  
And the birds will hail her coming in a burst of joyful song.

Once indeed she stayed away from us for many weary years,  
And the thought that she might ne'er return aroused our morbid fears.

Why did she thus renounce our own, our blessed native land?  
Because of fierce spring verses by the long-haired poet band.

—Fliegende Blätter.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

"WHILE digging for clams at Orleans, Wednesday, Ralph Rogers found one that was 6½ inches long and 5 inches wide across the shell. The clam weighed 1¾ pounds and is said to be the biggest clam ever found on Cape Cod."—Boston Globe.

Cape Cod has evidently never seen a Presidential candidate who had n't decided whether he wanted to run.—Evening Sun.

"Did that young man kiss you last night?"

"Mother, do you suppose that he came all the way up here just to hear me sing?"—Cornell Widow.

## A QUARTER CENTURY BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Over Five Million Free Samples Given Away Each Year.

The Constant and Increasing Sales From Samples Proves the Genuine Merit of

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Are you a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes? Many people wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Aching, hot feet and for Breaking in New Shoes. If you have tired, swollen, tender feet, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. We have over 20,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail. **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.**

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

## IN THE BOXES.

"Shall we go into the East Side and take a look at the 'Great Unwashed'?"

"No; let us go to the opera and see the Great Undressed."—Lippincott's.

## ALREADY SUPPLIED.

THE CALLER.—Do you need any typewriter supplies, sir?

THE GUVNOR.—Typewriter supplies? No, I've only just bought her a box of chocolates!—London Opinion.

## Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since. We have now issued

## "WALK, — YOU, WALK!"

as a Booklet, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at Ten Cents per Copy.

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A Shilling in London  
A Quarter Here

